

Flowers of the Forest,

Composed on the memorable BATTLE of
FLODDEN, fought Sep. 5th. 1513.

To which are added,

THE POLLY FRIGATE.

O Bonny Lass will ye ly in a Barrack.

AULD ROB MORRIS.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON,
Saltmarket, 1800.



THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST

FROM Spey to the border, was peace and good order,

the sway of our monarch was mild as the May,
Peace we adored, which South'rons abhorred.
our marches they plunder, our wardens they slay.

'Gainst Louis our ally their HENRY did slay,
tho' JAMES but in vain did his heralds advance,
Renouncing alliance, denouncing defiance,
to South'rons if langer abiding in France.

Many were the omens our ruin was coming,
e'er the flower of the nation were call'd to array;
Our King at devotion St. Andrew gave him caution,
and sigh'd as with sorrow he to him did say,

Sir, in this expedition you must have ambition;
from the company of women you must keep away.
(pear'd;

When the spectre this declar'd, he quickly disap-
but where it retired no man could espy.

The flowers of the nation were call'd to their station,
with valiant inclination their banner to display;
To burrow-Muir resorting, their right for support,
and there rendezvousing, encamped did lay (ing,

But another bad omen, that vengeance was coming,
at midnight, in Edinburgh a voice loud did cry,

As heralds, in their station, with loud proclamation,
name all the Barons in England to die.



These words the Damon spoke at the throne of
Plotcock

it charged their appearing, appointing the day :
The Provost, in its hearing the summons greatly fear-
appeal'd to his Maker, the same did deny. (ing,
At this were many grieved as many disbelieved ;
but forward they marched to their destiny : (der,
From thence to the border they marched in good
the Mercemen and Forest they join'd the array.

England's invasion; it was their persuasion,
to make restitution for their cruelty,
But, O fatal Flodden ! there came the wo down ;
and our royal nation was brought to decay.

After spoiling and burning, many homeward re-
turning,

with our King still the Nobles and Vassals abide,
To Murray's proud vaunting he answer's but chunt-
the King would await him whatever betide. (ing ;

The English advanced to where they were Ranced ;
half intrenched by nature, the field it so lay ;
To fight the English fearing, and sham'd their retire-
but alas ! unperceiv'd was their subtilty. (ing ;

Our Highland battalion so forward and valiant,
they broke from their ranks, and rush'd on to
slay : (ing,

With hacking and flashing, and broad swords a dash-
thro' the front of the English they cut a full way.

Alas to their ruin ! an ambush pursuing
they were surrounded with numbers too high ;

The Merse men and Forest they suffered the forest,
upon the left wing were inclos'd the same way.

Our men into parties, the battle in three quarters,
upon our main body the marksmen did play :

The spearmen were surrounded, and all were con-
the fatal devastation of that fatal day ! (founded.

Our Nobles all ensnared, our King he was not spared;
for of that fate he shared, and would no longer stay:

The whole was intercepted, that very few escaped,
the fatal conflagration of that woful day.

This set the whole nation into grief and vexation:
the widows did weep and the maidens did say ;

Wh' carries my lover ? the battle's surely over ?
is there none left to tell us the fate of the day ?

I have heard a liting at our ewes milking,
lasses a-liting afore the break of day :

But now there's a moaning on i'ka green leaning,
since our bra' Foresters are a' wed away.

At hought i' the morning nae blyth lads are scorn-
the lasses are lonely, dowie and wae : (ing ;

Nae daffin nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbing,
ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her a way.

At e'en in the gloomin nae swankeys are roaming,
'mang stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ;

Put ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
the flowers of the Forest that are wed away.

In har't at the shearing nae yaukers are jeering:
the banisters are lyart, runkled and grey,

At fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing nae fleetching,
since our bra' Foresters are a' wed away.

Fool for the order sent our lads to the border !
 the English for aces by gyle got the day :
 the flowers of the Forest that ay shone the foremost,
 the prime of our lads lies cauld in the clay.

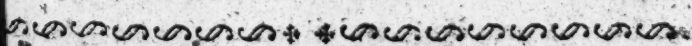
We'll hear nae mair liling at our ewes milking ;
 the women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
 since our bra' Foresters are a' wed away.

I have seen the smiling of fortune beguiling ;
 I have felt all her favours and found her decay,
 sweet is her blessing and kind her caressing ;
 but now it is fled, it is fled far away.

I have seen the forest adorned the foremost,
 with flowers of the fairest both pleasant and gay,
 the bonny was their blooming, their scent the air
 perfuming.

but now they are withered, and all gone away.
 I have seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
 and loud tempest storming before the middle day :
 I have seen Tweed's silver streams shining i' the sunny
 grow drumly & dark as it roll'd on the way. (beams.

Fickle Fortune ! why this cruel sporting ?
 why this perplexing poor sons of a day ? (me.
 y frowns cannot bear me, nor smiles cannot cheer
 since the flowers of the Forest are a' wed away.



THE POLLY FRIGATE.

O maill ye jolly seamen that have a mind to enter,
 On board the Polly Frigate your dear lives to
 venture.

For she is call'd the Polly the Polly by name
 And she cruises the Channel for Old England's fame
 Sing what cheer ho!

So now my brave boys, who have a mind to enter
 On board the Polly Frigate our dear lives to venture;
 Sir William Crosby was our Commodore
 And we steer'd our course along the French shore

So early one morning by the break of day,
 We spied three ships to the windward of us lay;
 Two of them were merchant men bound to the west;
 And the other was a Frigate that sail'd out of Brest

Then we hois'd out a signal for to give chase,
 Which made our poor souls & our hearts to rejoice;
 We took the two merchant-men before they could art
 But the Frigate bore down to make us a prize (rive

The Frigate a broad side gave us which we receiv'd
 And two in lieu of it y boys, we quickly rep id;
 We made them douse their colours & that immediately
 For their ship was a sinking, for quarters they did cry

Then we hois'd out our barge and longboat like
 To save as many prisoners as we could espy; (wise
 The prisoners did swear and solemnly protest (Brest
 That we sunk the finest Frigate that sail'd out of

So early the next morning by the break of day,
 A ship from St. Maloes we chanc'd to espy
 She bore down upon us with a mighty heavy sea,
 She carried our head and bowsprit away.

So now to conclude and make an end of my song
 Here's a health to the Polly & her brave fighting me

She fought so courageous and fought no relief,
And she carried home her prize to the new Peer of
Leith

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A SODGER'S COURTSHIP.

O! bonny lass will ye ly in a barrack!
Will you marry a sodger and carry his wallet?
Will you marry a sodger and carry his wallet?
And oh bonny lass will ye ly in a barrack?

Oh Yes, I will do't, and think no more of it,
I'll marry my sodger and carry his wallet:
I'll never ask leave of my minny or daddy,
But off and awa' with my sodger laddie.

Oh, bonny lass will ye go a campaigning?
Will ye suffer the hardships of battle and famine?
Then fainting and bleeding, could you draw near
And kindly support me, and tenderly chear me. (me?)

Oh, Yes, I will do all these hardships you mention,
And twenty times more if you had the invention
Of either battles, nor famine, nor dangers alarm me,
While I have my sodger, my dearest, to charm me.

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AULD ROB MORRIS.

M I T H E R:

AULD Rob Morris that wons in yon glen. (men,
He's the king o' good fellows and wale of auld
fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too;
Auld Rob Morris is the man you maun loe.

D O U G H T E R.

Haud your tongue, mither, and let that abee,
 For his ield and my ield will never agree,
 They'll never agree and that will be seen;
 For he's fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

M I T H E R.

Haud your tongue, daughter, and lay by your
 pride
 For he's be the bridegroom, and ye's be the bride
 He shall ly by your side, and kiss ye too:
 Auld Rob Morris is the man you maun loe.

D O U G H T E R.

Auld Rob morris I ken him fu' weel,
 His arse it sticks out like ony peet-creel,
 He's out shin'd, in knee'd, and ringle ey'd too:
 Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loe.

M I T H E R.

Though Auld Rob Morris be an elderly man
 Yet his auld brags it will buy a new pan:
 Then Daughter ye shoudna be sae ill to shoe,
 For Auld Rob Morris is the man you maun loe.

D O U G H T E R

But Auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
 His back is grown stiff and his beard is grown gae
 I had tither die than live with him a year;
 Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will bear.

Glasgow, Printed by J. & M. Robert
 Saltmarket, 1800.



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